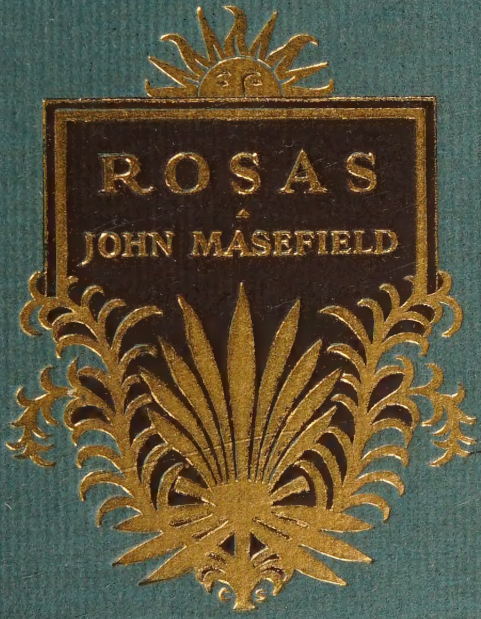
ROSAS
JOHN MASEFIELD

Maurice Firuski
His Book

. Maurice Firuski .

- 1918 -

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# ROSAS

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# ROSAS

JOHN MASEFIELD

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# ROSAS

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There was an old lord in the Argentine,
Named Rosas, of the oldest blood in Spain;
His wife was the proud last of a proud line,
She ruled his house for him and farmed his plain:
They had one child, a tameless boy called John,
Who was a little lad a century gone.

This little boy, the Rosas' only child,
Was not like other children of his age,
His body seemed a trap to something wild
That bit the trap-bars bloody in his rage.
He had mad eyes which glittered and were grim;
Even as a child men were afraid of him.

And once, when old Lord Rosas at a Fair
Talked with his friends, this little boy being by,
An old man called the child and touched his hair,
And watched the wild thing trapping in his eye,
Then bade the child "Go play," and being gone
Wept bitter tears in sight of everyone.

And when Lord Rosas asked him, why he cried,
He said "Because I see, round that child's head,
A sign of evil things that will betide
Through him, being man. There is a blur of red,
A blur of blood, a devil, at his side;
I see his future. That was why I cried.

I am an old, old man limping to death,
And many a wicked thing have I seen done.
Bloody and evil as the Preacher saith
Are ill men's dealings underneath the sun.
But this bright child is fated to such crime
As will make mark a bloody smear on Time."

So he went weeping, while the gossips bade
Lord Rosas not to heed the poor old loon.
Lord Rosas died soon after and was laid
Deep in the pit where all lie late or soon.
Under the flagstone in the chancel dim
Evil and happy fate were one to him.

After his death, his widow ruled the son
Some few short years; some bitter bouts they had;
That old hot proud un-understanding one
Roused night and day the devil in the lad,
She with her plans, and he with all his dreams
Of the great world washed by the ocean streams.

* * * * *

It was the custom in that outland plain,
That young men, nobly born, should serve awhile
Under some merchant, keeping store for gain,
So to learn commerce, and by service vile,
Sweeping the floors, to sense (with gritted teeth)
Man and this world of his from underneath,

And seeing life, because those merchants' stores
Were clubs and markets used by everyone
For plots and bargains and the test of ores.
Señora Rosas ordered that her son
Should like his father, enter, being of age,
A country storehouse as the merchant's page.

"I do as father did?" he answered, "I?
Sweep out a cheater's office with a broom,
And peddle sardines? I had rather die.
While there's a cow to brand or horse to groom
I'll be a man. So let your merchant find
Some priest or eunuch with my father's mind."

She spoke again. He said, "I will not go."
"Then," she replied, "My son, you shall not eat,
Nor drink, until you do. You tell me, No.
A resty calf that quarrels with the teat
Shall starve, for me. Men, lock this braggart lad
Into his room." They did as they were bade.

They left him in his room all through the day,
With neither food nor drink; they asked him thrice,
"John, here is dinner; will you not obey?"
They brought him raisin biscuits to entice
Him to obey. His friend the horse-herd came.
But John would neither answer nor be tame.

When twilight fell, his mother asked again,
"John, be advised, be wise and do my will.
Why be so headstrong, giving me such pain?
Are you not hungry? There is dinner still.
Say you will go, then come and eat with me."
"I won't," he said. "Then you may starve,"
said she.

So when the night was dark, the mother said,
"Leave him to-night, to-morrow we shall find
His fal-lals cured and I shall be obeyed.
No cure like hunger to a stubborn mind."
Then through the keyhole to her son she cried
"Goodnight, my son." None answered from in-
side.

Then, when the morning came, they knocked the door,
"John, will you go?", they asked. No answer came.
One said, "I see him lying on the floor.
He is asleep or playing at some game,
Come, Master John, don't treat our lady so.
Look, here are eggs, be good and say you'll go."

No answer came, so then they craned, and peered
Into the keyhole at the room beyond.
"Pray God," said one, "It be not as I feared,
A lad so proud should never be in bond.
He had his Indian lance-head on the shelf.
John, Master John. He may have killed himself.

John, God, he has. He's lying on the floor,
Look, there's his body. Fetch the crowbars here.
Yes, he is dead, God help us; burst the door,
Run for a doctor, one. A dear, a dear,
He was the likeliest lad there ever was.
Now, Ramon, heave. Now Martin, now Tomás.

Heave." So they hove and entered with the heave;
What they had thought was John was but a pile
Of clothing, rolled to man's shape to deceive.
John was not there, he had been gone awhile.
His bed was cold, a pencilled letter lay
There on his clothes, but John had run away.

"Dear Mother," said the letter, "You and I,
With different souls must live by different laws.
I give back all you gave me, now goodbye.
If I go naked hence, you know the cause.
I keep my father's name. When I am gone
I shall be gone forever. I am, John."

He had gone naked into the night air.
He and his Mother never met again.
He wandered southwards, many leagues from there,
Past the last ranches to the Indian plain,
South to the ranges where the spirits brood,
To daunt wild horses for his livelihood.

* * * * *

There on the ranges with a half-wild crew
Of Gauchos, cut-throats, thieves, and broken rakes
He caught and broke wild horses. There he knew
Death as the bloody pay of all mistakes.
There, in the Indian forays he was bred
To capture colts and squaws and scalp the dead.

There he got strength and skill, till all men there,
Even the Indians, spoke of him as fey.
He beat the unbacked stallion from his mare,
And mounted him, and made the beast obey.
And bitted him and broke, and rode him home
Tame as a gelding, staring, white with foam.

There was no horse so wild he could not break him
By hands and one small thong; no Gaucho brave
Wrestling him naked, knee to knee, could shake
him,
Or in the knife game give him what he gave,
Or in the midnight's thundering cattle hunt
Pass the mad herd, like him, to turn their front.

But most of all, men saw him take the lead
In war time, when the Indian tribes were out;
Then he paid bloody threat by bloody deed,
And many a painted Indian in his clout
Swung from the oak-tree branches at his order.
The forays ended while he kept the Border.

Then, when the March was quiet, he became
A rancher there, and wed, and gat a child,
A little girl, (Manuela was her name).
Then, as the darling of that frontier wild,
He moved and ruled and glittered and was grim
Among the Gaucho troops who worshipped him.

There was a little child (an old man now)
Who saw him pass once in those Indian days,
"Lean, quick and cruel, with a panther-brow
And wandering eyes that glittered to a blaze,
Eyes of a madman, yet you knew him then
The one man there, a natural king of men."

And cantering with him rode the frontier band
Whooping and swearing as they plied the quirt,
The thousand rake-hells of the South Command
With tossing bit-cups bright and flying dirt
And Rosas far in front; his long red cloak
Streaming like flame before the thunder stroke.

* * * * *

There were two parties in that distant state,
The Whites and Reds, who, for long years, had filled
The lives of all the country with their hate,
The graves of all their churchyards with their killed.
There was no White or Red with hands not brued
Or smutched in blood in that old party feud.

This feud made havoc in the land; yet still
Stopped at the ranges where Lord Rosas rode,
There the wild Indians were enough to kill,
Christians were friends, men held the common code,
"Death to the Indians"; but within the pale
Red against White made murder an old tale.

And in the city where the Senate sat
So violent this bloody quarrel was
That men stole to their business like the cat
By silent streets where pavements sprouted grass,
And at the corners crouched with stealthy eyes,
Peered, and drew back, or flashed upon their prize.

This state of daily murder, nightly plot,
Killing and burning of the White and Red,
Lasted three years, till in the land was not
One home of man without some victim dead;
Then, in the guilty Senate, someone sane
Cried, "Whites and Reds, let us have peace again.

This quarrel makes us beasts in the world's eyes,
Anarchs and worse. O let this murder end,
Before God smites us down to make us wise,
Let us forget our pride and condescend;
Forget the past, and let some leader make
Order among us for the great God's sake."

Then someone said, "What leader? What man here
Could both sides trust? All here are Red or White.
This bloodshed will go on another year,
Or ten more years, until we Reds requite
Some of our wrongs, until the Whites restore
Their bloodied spoils; then peace comes; not before."

Then there was tumult; but the first took heart,
And spoke again, "We are all sick with blood.
Let be old sins and spoilings. Let us start
Another page. Have done with flinging mud.
Bury the wicked past. Let both sides strive,
Since both sides care, to save this land alive."

Then an old White began: "We Whites have striven
Against injustice; not for lust of gain.
You Reds no less. Now in the name of Heaven
Let not our fellow sufferer plead in vain.
Life makes us neither Red nor White, but men
Self-bound in hell. Let wisdom free us then?"

Then the first speaker answered, "It is clear,
Since this great city is so racked with feud,
And we so stained with blood, that no one here
Can bring back quiet to the multitude.
All here have taken part. Peace cannot come
But by pure hands, into this devildom.

What I propose is, that we straightway call
Young General Rosas and the South Command
(Men of no clique, but trusted soldiers all)
Here to make peace, that so this groaning land
May, with the help of one whom all can trust,
Finish with feud and rise up from the dust."

There was much talking, but since all were tired
Of murder in the streets, and no way shewed
Save this, to bring the quiet long-desired,
It was decreed; and so a horseman rode
To summon Rosas north. It was not long
Ere Rosas came, with troops, a thousand strong.

Then Rosas wrote to tell them: "I have come,
I and my men, obeying your request;
I shall remain until the morning drum,
Then I go back, unless your House invest
Me with the absolute command, to deal
As I think fit to save the Commonweal."

Much as they longed for peace, this bid for power
Startled the House; they cavilled; they demurred.
At dawn Lord Rosas wrote: "In one more hour
I return South, so send me instant word."
"It makes him King," they thought, yet in their lust
For party vengeance, all agreed they must.

So, with both parties hoping for the lives
Of all their foes, through Rosas, there was calm,
And Reds and Whites both went to whet their knives,
Licking their lips for blood. Without a qualm
The Senate voted, "Let it be agreed
That Rosas come"; and so it was decreed.

So Rosas entered in and took command
And ruled the city to a Roman peace.
For three long days the cut-throats in his band
Killed at his nod, and when he bade them cease
The town was tame, for those who could not flee
Were killed or crushed. "I rule henceforth," said he.

* * * * *

So Rosas came to power. Soon his hold
Gripped the whole land as though it were a horse.
Church, Money, Law, all yielded. He controlled
That land's wild passions with his wilder force.
And through their tears men heard from time to
time
His slaves at worship of his clever crime.

And if the city, terrified to awe,
Loathed him, as slaves their masters, he was still
The Gaucho's darling captain; he could draw
Their hearts at pleasure with his horseman's skill.
None ever rode like Rosas; none but he
Could speak their slang or knew their mystery.

So that, in all his bloodiest days, a crowd
Of Gauchos hung about his palace-gate,
And when he went or came they shouted loud
"Long life to Captain Rosas." They would wait
For hours to catch his nod. Their patient rags
Were brighter to his soul than flowers or flags.

And with this Gaucho power he ruled his slaves
By death alone; within his audience halls
Stretched end to end on Indian lances' staves,
Were long red streamers propped against the walls
Crowned by these words "Death to the Whites"; but he
Dealt death to Reds and Whites impartially.

Death was his god, his sword, his creed of power,
Death was his pleasure, for he took delight
To make his wife and daughter shrink and cower
By tales of murder wreaked on Red or White,
And while these women trembled and turned pale,
He shrieked with laughter at the witty tale.

Those two alone could counter Rosas' will;
His wife and daughter; they could bend his mind
To mercy (sometimes) from a purposed ill;
So, when his heart some bloody deed designed,
With merry cunning he would order one
To jail those women till the deed was done.

He had one jest, which was, to bid to feast
Someone most staid, some bishop without speck,
Some city-lord, some widow-soothing priest,
And then to drop red fire-ants down his neck;
Then, as his victim flinched and tried to hide
His pains, Lord Rosas laughed until he cried.

He held no Council; but a Gaucho fool,
Dressed like a British general, played the clown
About the palace, and was used to rule,
Vice-regent for him, when he left the town.
No other colleague had he, but at hand
He kept some twelve, his chosen murder-band.

These twelve were picked young nobles, choicely
bred,
Sworn in a gang, the Thugs or Gallowsbirds,
A club of Death, of which he was the head,
That saved the State great cost in lawyer's words;
Writs, prosecutions, bails, defences, pleas,
Were over-ruled by judges such as these.

For, if he wished a person killed, he bade
The victim and the chosen murderer dine
In palace with him, while the minstrels played,
And he was host and joked and passed the wine,
And at the midnight he would see them start
Like friends for home, and all the time the cart

Stood waiting for the corpse at the street-end.
And then the murderer, warming to his man
In the dark alley's chill, would say, "My friend,
I love this talk," and then would jerk a span
Of knife into his throat and leave him dead;
Then tell the dead-cart-gang and go to bed.

Thus Rosas ruled; yet still, he feared the Church
That outlasts men, so, on a day, he cried
"Martin, our patron Saint, shall quit his perch;
No dirty foreign saint shall be our guide.
Priests of those churches which have Martin's
head
Over their altars, shall put mine instead."

This the priests did, with many a pious phrase
About obedience. When the deed was done
His haters gave up hope. They could not raise
Any rebellion against such an one.
He was like god, a prying god, who saw
Even in their souls the breakers of his law.

The terror of his rule hung like a ghost
Thirsty for blood, about men's haunted minds,
Those who dared whisper what they felt were lost;
He ground their fortunes as the miller grinds;
And in their hate men heard the Gauchos sing
"God-given Rosas is indeed a king."

* * * * *

There was a soldier in the city there,
Colonel O'Gorman, with an only child,
A girl, Camilla, worshipped everywhere
For merry sweet young beauty dear and wild.
So dear and merry she was like the sun
Shining and bringing life to everyone.

And in the Bishop's house, there lived a priest,
The Chaplain Laurence, who was sick with shame
At all his Church's sitting at the feast
With bloody-handed men who went and came
Unchecked, unbraved, condoned; he longed to break
With such a Church, for his religion's sake.

But, being bent, by training, to obey,
And having hope and an appointed task,
He held his tongue, and wrought, and went his way,
And hid his weary heart behind a mask,
Though it was hard. As City Chaplain he
Was widely known throughout the Bishop's see.

And being fond of music, it so fell
That he and that Camilla sometimes met
In quires and singing places; ah, too well
For those two souls their red and white was set.
For love went winging through their hearts, and
then
What else could matter in this world of men?

They became lovers, but by secret ways,
With single words, with looks, in public rooms,
Among a world of spies, in a great blaze,
They hid this splendid secret of their dooms.
Often a week of longing had to end
Without one word or look from friend to friend.

So months of passionate trouble passed them by
Making them happy with intensest pain
That brought them down all heaven from the sky
And by sharp travail made them born again.
Could they but speak, their passionate souls made
blind
Trod the high stars in the eternal mind.

Till, in the Spring, Camilla's father planned
To take Camilla to the country, there
(So he informed her) he would plight her hand
To young Lord Charles, his neighbour's son and heir;
"For it is time, my dear, that you should wed
One like Don Charles, a friend and lord," he said.

Yet, seeing white dismay upon her face,
He said, "Be calm; the wedding cannot be
For some weeks more; you have a little grace,
But still, to-morrow you must start with me,
For you must meet Lord Charles, and come to know
Your luck, dear child, that you should marry so."

All through that day she entertained the guests;
All through the evening, as her father's slave,
She sang and played; but when men sought their
rests,
Even as the thin ghost treads the church's nave,
She crept out of the house to tell her man,
Laurence, her loved one, of her father's plan.

She reached the Bishop's house in the dead night.
Far off, the dogs barked; then a noise of bells
Chimed, and the abbey quire shewed a light
Where sleepy monk to monk the office tells.
Lorenzo's lamp still burned; he paced his room;
His shadow like a great bat flitted gloom.

There she stood crouched. Two drunken friends
went by
Singing, "I feel inclined." She drew her breath.
All the bright stars were merry in the sky.
She called to Laurence, then, as white as death,
She yearned and prayed. His feet upon the stair
Creaked, a bolt clocked and then her man was
there.

She told her tale (a bitter tale to both),
Then Laurence said, "Since it has come to this,
This must decide me, and my priestly oath
Must now be broken. I have done amiss
Loving you thus in secret; now our sin
Must front the world; a new time must begin.

I have long known that such a break would come.
I cannot longer serve this Church of ours,
That sees red crime committed and is dumb,
And strows an atheist's path with holy flowers.
We two will fly, to start another life
Far from this wicked town, as man and wife.

And if the life be hard, it still will be
A life together, and our own, and all
That life can offer me is you with me.
If you are with me, let what may befall."
"I, too, say that," Camilla said, "Where two
Love to the depths, what evil can men do?"

They looked a long look in each other's eyes;
Then hand in hand they put aside the past,
Father, and priestly vows; for love is wise,
Love plays for life, love stakes upon the cast,
Love is both blind and brave, love only knows
Beauty in the night a little flame that blows.

When the great gates were opened, and the carts
Set out upon the road, those two were there
Bound for the West with quiet in their hearts.
The beauty on them made the carters stare.
There in the West they taught a little school;
And she was glad, poor soul, and he, poor fool.

* * * * *

This flight, being known, amused the town awhile.
Camilla's father raged and begged that both
Might be arraigned, she for unfilial guile,
He for the breaking of his priestly oath.
The Bishop sighed, Lord Rosas laughed, and soon
The interest died; it did not live a moon.

But in a neighbouring state some men there were,
Exiled by Rosas, or his refugees,
Who, safe but starving, lived and plotted there,
Losing no chance of working him disease;
These heard the tale and in their hate they cried
"Here is a weapon that shall bate his pride."

So, in a journal printed at their cost,
They wrote, how public morals had decayed
Since Rosas came, how the land's soul was lost,
"Witness this priest who has seduced a maid,
Child of a noble, yet is not pursued,
Punished nor chid by lord or multitude.

This, (so they wrote) is only due to him
Whose bloody rule defiles the suffering land;
By his example is our honour dim,
Church, maiden virtue, nothing, can withstand
His power for evil. By this single crime
The world will know us rotting in our slime."

This, being read, was quoted far and wide
In many lands, with many details more
Of this rebelling chaplain and his bride,
"Lord Rosas' shame, the country's running sore,"
Till, having walked the world, the story came
Back to Lord Rosas like a ravening flame.

He, who had laughed to hear it, foamed with rage
To see it counted as his own disgrace;
But, having read it through, he turned the page,
Sighed, as though sad, and with a smiling face
Called on the Bishop with a gift of gold
"For orphan babes, the lamblings of your fold."

And, as his way was when he chose, his talk
Was sweet and gentle, and the Bishop shewed
His English lilies flowering in the walk,
Which Rosas praised: the Bishop overflowed
With holy joy when Rosas deigned to say
"O, that our souls might be as white as they."

Then, after vespers, when his coach was called
Lord Rosas said, "About this erring priest
Your chaplain Laurence; you are doubtless galled,
Nay, deeply pained; but men will soon have ceased
To mock about it; for itself, let be —
But they are both so young, it touches me.

You liked the lad?" "All like him." "And the girl?"
"All loved Camilla." "Could not two old friends
Help two young souls whose hearts are in a whirl?
Their future lives may make complete amends
For any error now, if you and I
Help them in this their trouble. Shall we try?"

The Bishop said, that he was deeply touched
To hear such Christian words, that he would strive
To reach these children whom mistakes had smutched,
"To bring them peace and save their souls alive."
"I, too, will strive," said Rosas; "let us learn
First, where they are, and urge them to return.

Now that their first hour's madness must be over
They must a little crave for what was life
Before their fall, and hunger to recover
Comrade or friend, even as man and wife.
Who were your chaplain's friends before the fall?"
"A priest," the Bishop said, "from Donegal.

The priest Concannon was Lorenzo's friend;
He may have heard where they have pitched their
tent;
He lodges in the parish: shall I send?"
"No, I will write," said Rosas; so he went
Home to his palace, and in little space
Concannon was before him face to face.

And what with wine and flattery and deceit
He turned Concannon's head and made him tell
The name of those young runaways' retreat
Where they taught school beneath the Mission
bell.
Lord Rosas said, "When they return to town
We two will back them till they live it down."

So thinking that the pair were now forgiven,
But for some penance and a reprimand,
Concannon left him, giving thanks to heaven
That mercy's spirit governed in the land.
"They will return," he said, "and wed, and make
Amends for all this passion of mistake."

But when he left, Lord Rosas called his guard
To gaol his daughter; then, when she was fast,
He sent a troop of lancers riding hard
To seize those lovers; ere the night was past
Those two poor souls on whom the world had risen
Were chained like thieves and carted to a prison.

But there their guardian, seeing their estate,
Two gently nurtured souls of no proved crime,
Knocked off their irons, and let women wait
On poor Camilla who was near her time.
He lent her music, and with fruit and flowers
And pleasant talk amused some bitter hours.

But in the midnight, as he slept, there came
A man from Rosas, with a sealed command
Which ran, "Take out those lovers without shame,
Before the dawn, and shoot them out of hand.
This is your warrant. Rosas." This he read
Shocked to the heart, but tumbling from his bed

He called his men to change the courier's horse,
Then risking place and life, he wrote to say
"I have your Lordship's order, but perforce
Wait confirmation, ere I can obey.
These two are boy and girl; You cannot mean
To kill these two, whatever they have been."

He sent this letter to his lord, and then
Took horse himself, because he hoped to plead
With Rosas' daughter, for full many men
Had wrought that gentle soul to intercede
For them, in trouble; but he rode in vain;
She was imprisoned and he lost his pain.

But writing down his news, he bribed her guard
To carry it to her; they took the bribe,
Then tore his note and flung it in the yard
Under his eyes, and mocked him with a gibe.
"No messages will go to her," they said,
"Until your friend, the dirty White, is dead."

When this had failed, he bribed a man to bear
A letter to Lord Rosas in his room,
Pleading Camilla's state. To his despair
The answer came, "Baptise the woman's womb;
Let her drink holy water and then die.
Shoot them at dawn, or hang for mutiny."

One of the Stranglers Gang, who once had known
Camilla's father, brought this final word,
Adding, "Be wise; let sleeping dogs alone.
Do as he bids, for it would be absurd
To disobey, it could not save the two,
Even for a day, and he would murder you."

So, giving up all hope, he took his horse;
But, as he rode, another scheme seemed fair,
"Even now," he said, "things need not take their
course;
Her father may appeal," but coming there
He found her father gone, two days before,
To France (they told him) to return no more.

He turned away, but then, one other chance
Remained, to beg the Bishop to appeal;
But some great suit of church inheritance
Had taken him from town. The whetted steel
Wanted its blood. "So they must die," he cried.
And as he rode he felt death run beside.

So, in the dawn, the drummers beat the call,
And those poor children, wakened to be killed,
Were taken out and placed against a wall
Facing the soldiers; then the bell was stilled
That had been tolling, and a minute's space
Was given for their farewells and last embrace.

And Laurence said, "Camilla, we shall be
In death together. In some other life,
If not in this, dear, you will be with me.
O my sweet soul, O my beloved wife,
You come to this through me. O my sweet friend,
My love has brought you to this shameful end."

"Not shameful," said Camilla, "All I did
I have done proudly. As I have begun,
So let me end. What human laws forbid
By love's intenser canon we have done.
Let love's intenser purpose heal the smart
At having done with this poor timorous heart.

I would have loved this little child in me
To suck my breast and clap its little hands,
And rest its little body on my knee,
And be like you; but now the running sands
Come to an end, and we must die, my own.
So be it; we have loved unto the bone."

Then hand in hand they faced the firing squad
Who shot them dead into their waiting graves,
Love for each other was all the wealth they had,
Love that atones, the steady star that saves,
Love that, when shattering bullets broke them
blind,
Lit them a path and linked them mind to mind.

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When the dog's pity of their death was told,
Lord Rosas straight proclaimed, "I have upheld
This country's morals, as I shall uphold.
There they lie dead, those wicked who rebelled.
I have made pure the country's spotted fame."
The country read the story and was tame.

But man by man, they crept out of the land
Day after day, till there were thousands fled
Who in their exile, swore them to a band
Not to return save over Rosas dead.
Though they lodged earthen like the naked worm
This tale of those poor lovers kept them firm.

Thousands they were and daily they increased
With arms and faith, until their multitude
Fell on Lord Rosas as the supping east
Falls on the barrens where the spirits brood.
They came resolved to kill him or to die,
"Remember those poor lovers," was their cry.

When Rosas heard their clamour he prepared
His Gaucho lancers. From a rolling hill
Outside the city, all the plain lies bared,
Cornfields, and waters turning many a mill,
Cities and woodlands, and a distance dim;
There Rosas watched his Gauchos fight for him.

But from the sworn attackers came a shout
"Remember those poor lovers," and their charge
Scattered the Gaucho lancers in a rout,
And chased their remnants to the river marge.
Then Rosas turned his horse and rode alone
To some mean dockyard where he was not known.

There, casting loose his horse, he bought a coat
Fit for a sailor, and in this new dress
Shipped as a seaman in a cargo-boat
Then leaving port, for England, as I guess.
There on her deck that night he took his stand
And looked his last upon his native land.

He died in England many a year ago;
His daughter, too; both lie in English soil.
They say that great moon-daisies love to grow
Over Camilla, and with loving toil
Soldiers who drill there train the rose-tree boughs
Over the daisies on their narrow house.

A white rose on Camilla and a red
Over Don Laurence, and the branches meet
Mingling their many blossoms overhead
Drawing the bees, and when the sun is sweet
In April there, the little children lay
"Gifts for the pretty lovers" on the clay.

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